"In Cap and Uniform"

1939

Calgary General Hospital

CALGARY, ALBERTA

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CALGARY, ALBERTA

CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL

MISS CANNON
Assistant Home Director

MISS CASEY
Home Director

NURSES' RESIDENCE — A BLOCK and B BLOCK

Dedication

To the continuation and further progress of "In Cap and Uniform," we dedicate this book.

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1939

As the sun goes down and the door closes on your training days, you stand together at the "parting of the ways", looking eagerly towards the dawn of a new day.

The trail has been long, and though shadows have frequently darkened your pathway, you have not fallen by the wayside, but, true to your trust, marched bravely on.

You have enriched your School as students, and your Alma Mater will follow with interest and pride your careers as nurses and citizens.

Play well your part in the new world you enter; take with you a breadth of human understanding; hold high your banner patterned with lofty ideals, and may the heights to which you aspire and of which you dream be yours in the not too distant future.

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Faithfully yours,

SARA S. MACDONALD, R.N.,

Superintendent of Nurses.

TO THE GRADUATION CLASS OF 1939

And now for what has seemed that long awaited excursion into the realm of practical reality. Youth is not to be denied, and from time immemorial those of mature experience have witnessed the enthusiasm with which youth takes its place, to add its weight towards the solution of the perplexities of life that beset us on every side. Each of you have a very definite contribution to make, a contribution in degree according to your usefulness, and therefore the success attending your training.

It has been said that "Getting through your course is worse than going through", and it is presumed this has reference to the fact that heretofore you have had someone in whom you have been able to repose responsibility. Now you must carry it alone.

Yours is a noble calling, and you who follow it must ever have in mind the high ideals upon which the traditions of the nursing profession owe their very existence. We who watch the classes come and go will be with you in spirit, sharing your trials and rejoicing in your successes. You have caught the torch. "Be yours to hold it high."

"This above all—To thine own self be true, and it must follow as night and day, thou can'st not then be false to any man."

Sincerely,

W. H. HILL, B.A., M.D., C.M., L.R.C.P., D.P.H.,
Medical Officer of Health,
Medical Superintendent of Hospitals.

Three important years, years of varying offsetting emotions—hope, fear—doubt and determination—energetic application and triumphal accomplishment, are nearly passed, and with graduation in sight I congratulate each of you.

Whilst training you acquired education as a nurse. The influences of the officers of the Training School and your Nursing Supervisors have helped to build character. You have enjoyed associating with the other members of your Class and School. Contacts have been made which will likely influence your whole life.

Ability to understand and remember the techniques of nursing must, for you to be successful in the practice of your profession, be supplemented by the quick and skilful application of that knowledge and at times of the gift of improvising to meet emergencies arising in surroundings which do not provide the help and equipment found in hospital.

Look with fairness tinged with charity upon both sides of a question, and let justice guide your decisions. Above all, the "good" nurse will have a sympathetic understanding of human nature in all its varying personalities and a desire to serve the sick.

May the practice of your profession prove to be all that you wish it to be.

J. BARNES,

Manager, Calgary General Hospital.

OUR SUPERVISORS

Miss Matheson (Maternity), Miss Macdonald (4th Floor), Miss Aikenhead (Diet Kitchen), Miss Sackville (Diet Kitchen), Miss MacKay (O.R.), Miss McNeil (2 W.), Miss Anderson (O.R.), Miss Von Gruenigen (2E), Miss Novis (4th Floor), Miss Murphy (Operating Room Supervisor).

MISS A. HEBERT
Assistant Supervisor.

MISS J. CONNAL
Nursing Instructress.

MISS WHALE
3rd Floor Supervisor

MISS AULD
Training School Officer.

Miss L. Shantz, Miss M. Cox
Night Supervisors.

"STOCKTAKING"

This word suggests a summing up of assets and liabilities, an estimating of profit and loss over a given period of time. In the business world, it includes finding out which type of merchandise has proved acceptable to the public and which has proved unwanted and "left-over."

Perhaps a little personal stocktaking would be a salutary exercise for us all at times, and the termination of a three-year course of training would seem to be a suitable occasion for it.

On the profit side you have acquired a modicum of knowledge sufficient, I hope, to whet your appetite for more. You have the definite achievement of securing a Diploma in Nursing. You have made many staunch friends. And, you have earned freedom from the restrictions of institutional life with its "Rules and Regulations."

But is there some loss, too? Has familiarity with suffering and a more intimate knowledge of human frailty bred some tolerance in you; or worse still, indifference? Have the ideals and fine enthusiasm you started with become slightly shopworn and tarnished?

If so, polish them up again, using for this purpose a little faith, some courage and a few drops of humility. These are the assets you are going to need to attain what is my earnest wish for you all—a happy and useful career.

—J. A. C.

VALEDICTORY

Long it we graduate! Radiant faces, white uniforms, black-banded caps, an armful of roses. Proudly we stand in dist flowers, friends and classmates, and in the tranquility of the church. "We solemnly pledge ourselves before God to pass our lives in purity, and practise our profession faithfully."

And there before us, representing our Training School, Miss MacDonald, Miss Hebert and Miss Connal, whose faithful guidance and teaching has tonight unlocked the gate to our new world, "The Future". We will not fail them!

Three years of safety and protection—memories, cherished friendships—Training days!

And now—farewell. There is silence. The radiant faces grow grave, knowing that to leave our "Alma Mater" is perhaps to die a little.

What does our future hold? Too soon our roses fade. Oh, streamers—scarlet and gold—hold us together as we travel to our unpredictable destinies!

And so, to C.G.H.—"farewell!" We leave to those behind the lighted lamp. Ours is a feeling of deep affection and a sense of loss.

The organ—Triumphal March — "Sayonora" — since it must be so!

A. M. HEGAN

Senior Class – 1939

Miss Elizabeth H. Burwash

★ ★ ★

Miss Eileen J. Dymond

★ ★ ★

Miss Geraldine B. England

★ ★ ★

Miss Margaret E. Fitzpatrick

★ ★ ★

Miss Kathleen Fivchuck

★ ★ ★

Miss Hazel M. Greer

Miss Elinor Greig

★ ★ ★

Miss Antoinette M. Hegan

★ ★ ★

Miss Margaret Hodgson

★ ★ ★

Miss Doreen A. Johnston

★ ★ ★

Miss Jessie K. MacKenzie

★ ★ ★

Miss Georgina Miller

Miss Violet Morrow

* * *

Miss Elizabeth M. Moores

* * *

Miss Marian E. Simpson

* * *

Miss Ruth E. Ohlson

* * *

Miss Barbara Bailey

* * *

Miss Nora K. Baker

Miss Elizabeth M. Blair

* * *

Miss J. C. Ruth Brenner-Hassett

* * *

Miss Annie J. Carlson

* * *

Miss Charlotte A. Langston

* * *

Miss Alice E. McCracken

* * *

Miss E. June Mills

Miss Vera O'Dell

* * *

Miss Marjorie Pinchbeck

* * *

Miss Eugenia Redpath

* * *

Miss D. Frances Remacke

* * *

Miss E. Blanche Shore

* * *

Miss Agnes C. Short

Miss C Elizabeth Taylor

* * *

Miss Margaret C Usher

* * *

Miss Eun ce W lkinson

Our Ponoka Affi iates

* * *

Miss Marie Th eman

Miss Loral Pher dan

"OUR SENIORS"

Name	Admitted	Transferred	Diagnosed	Complications	Discharged	Follow Up
Betty Burwash	Definitely in Carmangay Alta.	From the "Hat" to C.G.H	Argumentitis	Calling the roll	Still a lady	Housekeeping
Eileen Dymond	Sweetly to Calgary	Quietly to "B" Block	Mischievitis	6.38 a.m	Still perky	Air hostess-pretty airy eh?
Jerry Englund	As per to Calgary	Definitely to the Nurses' Home	Talkitis	Sinapisms	Still talking	We wouldn't know
Marg Fitzpatrick	In a hurry to Brooking, Sask	Raced from Crossfield to C.G.H	Flash	Lada	Still 15 minutes early	The X Ray
Kay Fitchuck	Incidentally to Calgary.	Decidedly to the hospital.	Talipes Equinus	Her curly hair	Unconcerned	Indefinite
Hazel Greer	In a dither from Winnipeg to Calgary	Worrying to C.G.H	Appendicitis	"Frankie"	Still worrying	Specialing
Elinor Greig	Fluttering to Calgary.	Shyly to "B" Block	Change Artist	Studying new coiffures.	A different girl	To make more money faster
Tom Hegan	With music to Kerrobert Sask	In a lengthy way from North Battleford	Spenditis	Keeping 4 on one string	With another new hat	Adventure

"OUR SENIORS"

Name	Admitted	Transferred	Diagnosed	Complications	Discharged	Follow Up
Margaret Hodgson	Seriously to Calgary	From typewriter to uniform	A real nurse	The R.N.s.	A little late.	Public Health
Doreen Johnston	With her twin escort in England	Breezily with the 1936 Promes	Dancitis	Jackets.	Still going strong	A variety
Jessie McKenzie	Skated into Calgary	In a roundabout way to G.H.	Sportitis	Suffering from floor to floor	Everybody's pal.	Resting
Georgia Miller	On fire to Calgary	Smouldering from Coronation	Problem child	Ginger Ale	Safely	With no kitchen in her igloo.
Beth Moores	In Lancashire "by noom"	From Coleman in a blizzard.	Parotitis	Catching up on correspondence	The same Moores.	Re-tuning her violin
Violet Morrow	On a motor bike to Calgary	From "Tech" to nursing	Questionitis	Home in half an hour off	Still enthusiastic.	To varsity to study medicine
Ruth Olson	Stuck into Pekisko, Alta.	Gingerly from High River	Absent-minded	Trying to make $1 out of 50c	On time!	Eating bubbler with the Eskimos.
Marion Simpson	Played in by the bagpipes to Innisfail.	Dug her way to G.H.	Laughitis.	Collecting funds for a California cruise	With a bang.	A good chaperone.

"OUR SENIORS"

Name	Ambition	Favorite Expression	As We Know Her	Biggest Problem.
B Bailey	To keep her roses fresh	Well, after all!"	Babs	Getting to roll call on time
N Baker	To become a surgical nurse	"Why, Daddy?"	Nora	Teaching a certain nurse to knit
R Bonner Hassett	To go to Ireland.	Not now later	Irish	Getting the kids up in the a.m.
B Blair	To balance her budget	"Don't beat me. I'm not well	Betty	Breaking even with Fitz
A Carlson	To become a hospital supervisor	Gee, kid! That'll be swell."	Anne	Getting everything marked with adhesive
C Langston	To roll her own	It just can't be printed."	Charlotte Anne	Keeping track of her Tigersoll.
A McCracken	To have a dress for every occasion	Oh! I say!"	Tiffy	Finishing knitting the pink sweater
J Mills	Wedding Bells	"Well-er-a it was this way"	June	Business end of the Year Book
V O'Dell	To get off duty at 7 p.m.	I'll kill you choosy	Vera	Bruce

"OUR SENIORS"

Name	Ambition	Favorite Expression	We Know Her As	Biggest Problem
M Pinchbeck	To become an opera star	"Come on Hurry up	Pinchie	Trying to suppress a giggle
F Redpath	To get four new tires for her car	Listen, girls	Jean	Her hair
F Remackel	To make a lot of money fast	Do you know what?	Mac	Her kid sister
B Shore	To reduce	"Definitely"	F Blanche	Her public
A Short	To sway vast audiences	You're a dear sweet girl	Sportie	Trying to make people believe her
B Taylor	To study music	Cheri, Beri, Bim?	Betty	Keeping Emily Post posted
M Usher	To get to bed so she can close her eyes	"Isn't it ghastly!"	Scotty	Her knitting
E Wilkinson	To go to Galt Ontario	I hope he starts at the front"	Tiny	Keeping quiet while lectures are in session
I Sheridan	To take P G in obstretics	"I just hooted"	Sherry	Budgeting Thieman's account
M Thieman	To catch up on her sleep	Have you heard this one?"	Marie	Getting her letters answered

"IT HAPPENED TO ME"

Feeling condemned I made my Hospital entry at 7.00 p.m., that hour when the nurses, tired after a long day's work, had a right to resent my late arrival. They assured me, and made me believe it too, that they were in no hurry to be off duty and the care of me was their only thought at the moment. Looking back on it now I have a feeling that perhaps I was the means of cancelling someone's "heavy date" and perhaps started trouble that would lead to a sad end. If I did, I hope I shall be forgiven—certainly I shall never know, for those smiling faces told nothing that night nor in the days that followed.

I was immediately prepared for the Operating Room, and when I entered it was all "set up". I always did dislike the masks worn by those in the Operating Room. All one can see is smiling eyes—and one never knows whether the owner of the eyes is smiling at one or with one. One doesn't have to wonder long. One nurse tucks a blanket over and around you, another nurse slips your feet into the stocks and your hands into handcuffs, while another adjusts the blood pressure apparatus, and then the hangman adjusts the "noose" and says "just breathe". I don't know what else one could do under the circumstances, but anyway one does as bid. Almost immediately I began to hear bells ringing in my ears and a decided sinking feeling came over me—both signs of drowning, I recalled. How could one attempt swimming for shore with one's hands and feet in such captivity, so I decided again that discretion was the better part of valour and so did nothing.

It seemed like many moons before I came back from the "Land of Forget It All", but actually it was still the same evening when I heard someone say "She's coming out now".

Coming out? Coming out? Where had I been? Had I really been drowning? Had I really succeeded in swimming to shore?

The room seemed full of sweet-faced nurses, each one easing my discomfort in one way or another. I think the one I appreciated most was the one who relieved me of several layers of blankets. I could breathe then and thus prove to myself that I had come out of it all alive. The bed was raised here and lowered there, a pillow adjusted, another potion or sleep injected in my arm.

the reassuring word of the nurse, and before I knew it the long night that I had dreaded had slipped peacefully and uneventfully into the dawn of another day.

I was very thirsty and asked for a drink of water. "But," said the smiling one, "the doctor doesn't want you to have a drink of anything just yet."

However, just when I had decided that perhaps this was a drought area and there was a dire shortage of water, the doctor and a fleet of nurses arrived with another peculiar apparatus from which they injected into my arm my portion of drinks for the day. I explained that I had always been accustomed to taking my beverages by mouth, but they proceeded in their own way to supply the drinks—certainly a novel idea, but I still clung to the old way of drinking.

I coaxed and begged for a bottle of ginger ale, but with no results! The word had gone out and along the line, "no drinks", so "no drinks" was the result. I tried in every way to wear down their resistance, but not a weak spot did I find in that line.

I should tell that I did finally find a weak spot in the line, but it was a doctor not a nurse who gave in to give me that ginger ale. What good ginger ale it was! I went after it in a big way and paid the just penalty for my self-inflicted crime in gas pains.

As soon as I am able I intend to perfect and patent an invention which is now taking form in my mind. It is a third apparatus to be used in conjunction with the "Murphy Drip" and the "Intravenous" apparatus. It will be a sort of portable soda water fountain with a spray system of non-gas forming liquid, so that while one's anatomy is being irrigated otherwise, one's furred tongue and parched throat may find relief from that unquenchable thirst. This apparatus, when perfected, will be dedicated exclusively to all patients who, having had the appendix removed, have to lie for three days and listen to the clink! clink! of ice jugs of cooling lemonade and orangeade being carried by smiling nurses to "the room next door."

Do all Hospitals manage to arrange, as this one does, that the same nurse looks after the wants of the same patient each day? What a grand system, for it is like having one's own special nurse.

And the night nurses, God bless 'em They carry on an "invisible eye" service during the long night watches Even though one's door might be shut they seemed to see all and know all Even when one feigned sleep they knew and there they were with a sleeping tablet When the coolness of the late night and early morning fell, there they were with that extra blanket so silently and deftly laid on one that not till one awakened and thought that one had died and (not gone heavenward) did one realize that the night nurse had been there ministering

How come such "Efficiency Plus" in the nurses? Because it starts in the staff of supervisors I don't know when they step aside to rest, for day and night, from the Superintendent of Nurses down, they are on tireless and smiling duty Not a day or night (Oh yes two nights when I slept the round of the clock), but what I can recall a happy visit paid me by the Supervisor or Superintendent in charge And as they visited with one they too with deft and silent touch adjusted this that or the other thing to add to the patient's comfort I can guarantee that not one of these members of the staff will ever suffer from a complaint brought on by sedentary habits. They removed the "institutional" feeling from the building and made it "Home."

As I made my ignoble entrance also my exit via the backdoor I cannot speak personally of the Office Staff On enquiring of my sister, who had charge of the family exchequer she assures me that there one met with naught but kindness courtesy and consideration

The next time I have an appendix to surrender I shall make tracks for this Hospital again What greater tribute could be paid a Hospital than that, I ask you?

I can say with the lady who had to leave her pet poodle buried somewhere on the sands of far off Africa. "I shall always think lovingly of that far off spot, for did I not leave part of me there?"

And so when I return to my native soil, I too shall say "I shall always think lovingly of the Calgary General Hospital, for did not I, too, leave part of me there?"

(Extracts from impressions of the C G H written by a former patient —a resident of Winnipeg, Manitoba)

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practise my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not take or knowingly administer harmful drugs. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standards of my profession and will hold in confidence all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

OUR SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Bi-Annual Celebrations

Remember the fun we had at Mrs. Wheatley's home? Our first class party Thanks, Marion, for a very enjoyable evening

Our first year party at Gibson's Bowling Alley, followed by supper and dancing at the Avenue Grill And Moores, who had never bowled before, nearly captured the Jack Pot

And the "Night of March Madness"—our April Fool's party! One of the most enjoyable evenings during our three years. We hope we weren't too hilarious, Mrs. Johnston and we surely did appreciate your hospitality

Never will we forget the hike the turned into a corn roast at the home of Mrs McKenzie We're glad it did rain, for the fun we had there surpassed any outdoor hike Our thanks to Mrs. McKenzie

And the biggest thrills—Our Christmas parties—new gowns—new hair do's—flowers and excitement are the highlights of these gala occasions

For us this finished but wherever we may be our thoughts at Christmas will always wend their way back to C G H the little organ, the carols and the Christmas festivities We will be there in spirit, hoping that each succeeding year, the Senior Class will carry with them memories as pleasant as ours!

HEARD AROUND AND ABOUT

-Hold the phone for me—
—Any mail?
—Lend me a car ticket—or can you?
Whose got some adhesive? These black stockings have to last till pay-day
Anybody going to the store?
-Wow! What a day Three emergencies!
—I'm sorry! The line is busy!
—Gee, I should study!
Where's a pro.?
-Oh for a p.m.!
—A little saline, nurse
Who're you going out with?
—Got anything to eat?
—Who swiped my cape?
-Sorry, I'm broke too.
-Did anyone list those clothes?
-If you'd come early enough, you'd get hot toast

WITH THE SENIORS

What's this? A final "get-together" of the Seniors at the suite on Fifteenth Avenue.

With their last R.N. ever they are completely relaxed, reminiscing their experiences of Training Days.

Let's listen in—

Remember the night (doesn't it seem years?) that we all moved into "B" block to prepare for our first morning on wards? It's a good thing Hegan finally acquired the art of fastening her collar buttons, and combing her curls, or she would have been stranded many a morning.

Oh yes, and the time the six in the Dorm were rudely awakened by an alarm clock going off at 5 a.m. and bouncing on the tin roof. No more sleeping under the stars, girls!

And by the way, Dymond and England, could you tell us just what did happen to those eggs on the way from the D.K. to the Dem. room.

And "Probie" Greer heating water in a kettle for an intravenous!

Moores, remember the soapy mouthwash with its dire results next day—mumps!

And "Fitz" who bore up bravely the day before her holidays, only to be ignominiously dispatched to isolation that night with scarlet fever. A fine holiday!

Will you ever forget the event on "night duty," Grieg, when the electric light bulb exploded. You weren't the same for weeks after!

And Miller—did you ever write out a requisition for Ginger Ale? No? That's strange!

Speaking of being absent-minded reminds us of Olsen, three years ago, politely knocking on the door of "the linen cupboard" and wondering why no one said "Come in!"

And Burwash, with no time to make-up, dated herself with chickenpox two weeks before she finished!

Time out for a very elaborate lunch, so we leave them with their chatter. They really seemed to enjoy this training to the fullest, didn't they? And to think they're soon finished!

Wish we had all the memories of their three years! Wouldn't you like to be at their class re-union in 1940? We would.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES - - October Class '39

It is almost three years ago now since we had our first get-together—the night we all came into residence. There was a great deal of excitement and plenty of good refreshments, but not so very much noise—we were too new for that.

After six months of hard work, we celebrated our half-year anniversary. This was held in the form of a theatre party at the Capitol. About 1 p.m., sixteen hungry nurses could be seen tearing down Eighth Avenue for a light snack at the White Spot before coming home at 11.30.

Due to the big success of this party, we held another one on October 3rd, 1937. This time we went to the Palace Theatre to see "The Good Earth." Once again we all had a good time, especially during the Community Sing.

Early in 1938, we were invited to a party at Mrs. S. McPherson's home to honor Winkie on her twenty-first birthday. A "Pick-Up-Sticks" competition was held—champion not declared.

Our half-way mark was commemorated by a "Kids' Party", held at Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilkinson's home. We were all arrayed in our party clothes and played quite merrily with our toys, brought along for the occasion. (We hope by now "Shortie" has forgiven us for the bruises she suffered during one of the games.) We grew up rather suddenly at the close of the party and ended the fun with refreshments and dancing. Thanks, John and Jean, for a lovely evening.

During last summer several members of the class donned slacks and sweaters and hiked along the banks of the Bow to a beautiful spot, shaded by trees and overlooking the water. We all relaxed around a comfortable fire and feasted on weiners, buns, marshmallows, onions (from the Chinaman's garden) and delicious coffee (minus cream). Even Langston declared it a perfect evening despite the fact she suffered from the effects of "Pinchie" spilling her cup of boiling coffee. Another similar hike was held a short time later.

Our two-year party was held at Mrs. Vernon Hyde's home where we spent an enjoyable evening of cards and games, topped off by a delicious lunch. We greatly appreciated the hospitality from one of our former class-mates.

Besides these anniversary parties, we have had many a merry sing-song and "get together" in the Block, which will long be remembered as pleasant hours well spent.

INTERMEDIATES

To a Probationer, hospital life on opening day is a momentous occasion.

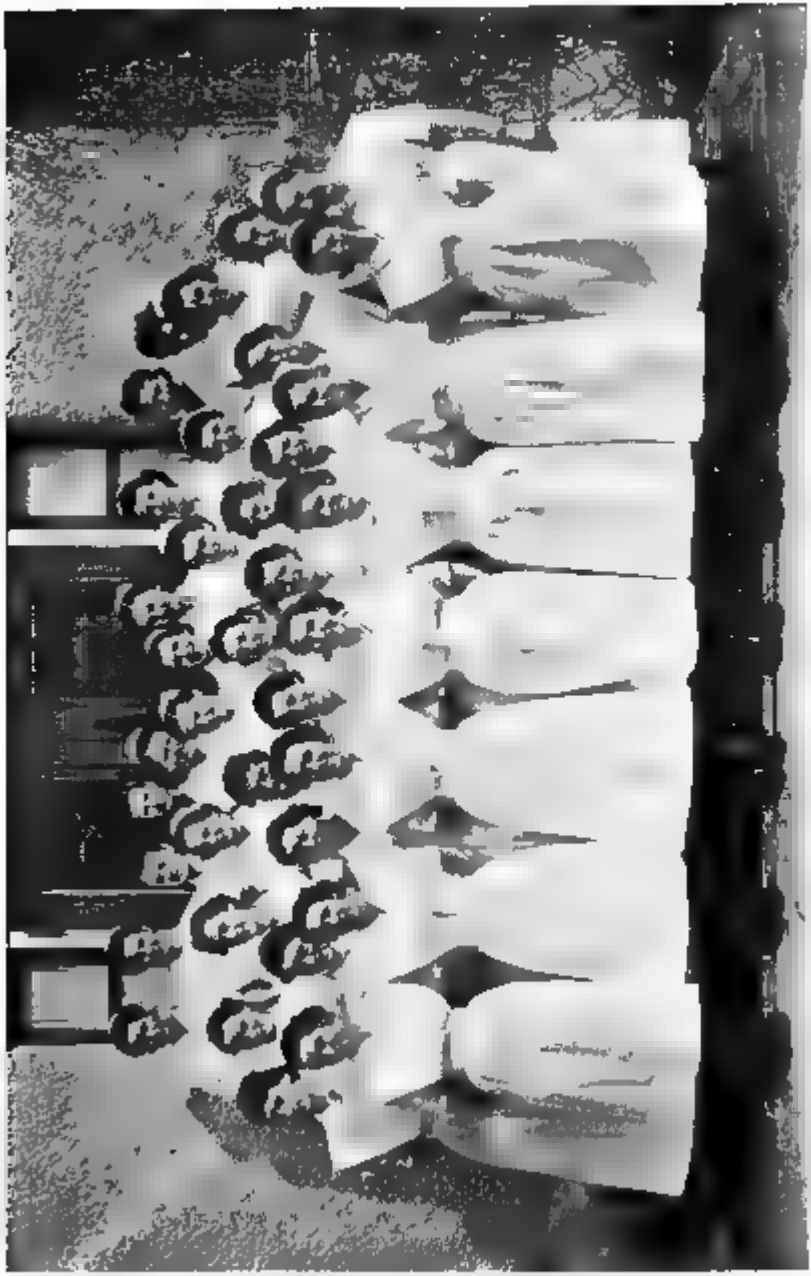
The first small seed of ambition is planted when she takes her seat quietly on the west side of the Cafeteria. On the other side of the room, chatting gaily in the sunshine, are the Seniors. In the middle sit the Intermediates, sheltered on both sides—sheltered from the menial duties of the Probationer, and from the responsibility of the Senior.

We, the Intermediates, are ready for our next move.

'Tis our aim to take our place in the sun as ably and conscientiously as our predecessors. The good fellowship and patience with which our Seniors have borne with us in our efforts have been an inspiration to us all.

And now that it has come time to bid farewell, we join together in wishing the Graduates every success in their new ventures.

We that come after will bear in mind our own class motto, Spectemus Agendo—"Let us be seen by our deeds."



INTERMEDIATES

Top Row: Misses S. Hodgson, [illegible] Thompson, N. Jones, [illegible] Newman, [illegible]
Second Row: Misses [illegible] Moore, [illegible] McPherson, [illegible] Rose, [illegible]
Third Row: Misses [illegible] Pedley, M. [illegible] Nelson, [illegible] McPherson, [illegible] Fair, [illegible] Pinnacle, R. Fairweather, [illegible]
Fourth Row: Misses [illegible] Anderson, R. Hooper, M. [illegible] Bickle, [illegible] Newcombe, [illegible] Hardwick, [illegible]

TO OSCAR -- OUR MASCOT

For goodness sake, Oscar come out of that cupboard! Pull yourself together and take your last look at the Seniors

Yes, I suppose you will be glad to see the last of us, but really, Oscar, were we that hopeless?"

I know you're anxious to see the new "probie" class, and start to work with them so we won't keep you long

You know, Oscar if your acetabulum had been around your shoulder Mills' wouldn't have been embarrassed in Orthopedics—remember? And couldn't you have shifted your ilium ischium and pubes around just once—for "Olsen?"

But then Oscar, you were indispensible in Pediatrics, and without you I'm afraid our "Anatomy and Physiology" would have suffered severely

You have served your purpose nobly though, Oscar, and after three years we are just beginning to realize that even now we hardly know you You really are very important you see Oh no, you haven't been at all aloof it's just that you are a very difficult subject With all your names you surely must have had some family tree believe me! However, we'll do our best by you in our "R N's" dissect your mechanism and reconstruct you perfectly—we hope!

You have taught us a lot Oscar made a lot of difficulties clear gave us a new vocabulary introduced to us a foundation of knowledge that has continued to expand throughout our training We did appreciate you Oscar, even though we laughed when you were first presented to us You knew what was in store for us, though didn't you?

You're so good-natured, too Oscar However can you look the same day after day when you've been waved around, here, there and everywhere for an hour at a time in an 'Orthopedic workout!"

But you have been 'our mascot through it all Oscar, and a very capable one! We're going to miss you!

So swing away to your heart's content you haven't a care to the world no studying to do no "R.N's" to write no jobs to find Boy! you're lucky!

—A M H

MY "O.R." DAYS

Could I have been that creature
Who stood and gasped and stared,
And vigorously scrubbed instruments—
Watched tonsils being snared?

And then to think that I alone
Should brave Room 5—Just fancy!
When someone had to set a bone
I helped along with "Jonsey"

I'm second junior in Room I—
There they think I'm awfully dumb,
'Cause I just can't work that great big light
Or pick a spinal set that's right

And now I'm junior in Room II
Scrubbed today for a case or two!
Felt embarrassed when the light
Wouldn't even focus right

Back again to I I go,
Will I ever learn a thing?—know
Who needs alcohol or iotion,
Or drapes sky high—Such a notion?

In II, then I—and someone said
"Trendelenburg!"—toward the head!
My gosh! And now we're all a-sweating,
Can't they stop that awful sweating?

Room IV now has a local chair—
There patients learn, while they are there
About Park Avenue, and really do
Hear all the latest tunes, it's true.

Room III a few grey hairs has caused
But don't start me on that topic!
I worried so the night before
We had that awful cystoscopic.

But there's our "four" who never fret,
Their kindness we will ne'er forget
So quiet, yet so full of fun,
They're just as nice to everyone.

But soon my "O R." days are numbered
Would like to stay till I'm a hundred
Perhaps some day—but that's far off—
White uniforms for blue I'll doff

And you, our supervisors there,
What trials we must have made you bear—
You taught us all along the way,
And made us surely like our stay!

—"R. G."

MEMORIES

When you're nearing the sunset
Of life's long way
And you think back again
To some happier day
When you were in training
Seems long years ago,
Just to relive those days
Would seem Heaven—I know

Think not of tomorrow,
While with you today
Life blossoms before you
In one sweet bouquet
New friends you are making.
New enemies rare.
And its C G H days that your memories will share.

R E

TO THE GRADUATES

You know, I have always wanted to be a Nurse, and now I am about to end my long training and get my Diploma. That means the end of going to lectures, having the Head say do this, do that, and listen to the Doctor say, "Why can't you do this or that right?" Yes, I get my Diploma pretty soon now and I will be a free lance. Do you know what that means?

Yes, I know what that means. You are leaving College, full of knowledge to practise what you have been taught. Well you don't want any advice from me but I am going to tell you this much. Before you started to do your studying at all you were 50% a nurse. That is more or less the natural gift of all women and your schooling has taught you how to apply the necessary accessories of this present age to the nursing of the sick. How to observe the essential things, and how to make shrewd deductions as to what you have seen and heard about your patient's condition and to transmit them in an intelligent manner so that the information will be properly used to bring your patient back to normal health. That is what your Diploma means. If you forget what you have learned in your training and revert to your natural instincts of nursing there you will be very quickly judged by that great school of hard knocks—the present world.

The only advice I will give you, if you want it, is this—Never make friends of your patients and never make patients of your friends.

Good luck to you all.

L. S. MACKID, M.D.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

To the doctors of our staff who have shown such untiring interest in us throughout our three years' training, we would like to express our thanks.

They can never know with what appreciation we have received their cheery smiles and "Good mornings" as they paid their daily visits, and what value we have received from their explanations of the more intricate problems in the medical field.

Especially do we wish to thank those of the medical staff who gave freely of their time and knowledge through lectures, to the progress of our theoretical training, the foundation of our nursing career.

Anatomy and Physiology	Dr. H. R. Inksater
Materia Medica	* Dr. G. F. Butterwick
General Medicine	Dr. R. R. Hughes
Anaesthesia	Dr. J. L. Allen
Communicable, Nervous and Mental Diseases	Dr. C. D. Stanley
Surgery	Dr. I. H. Brodie
Urology	Dr. J. E. Palmer
Gynaecology	Dr. W. A. Lincoln
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat	Dr. A. Fettes
Psychiatry and Neurology	Dr. E. G. Mason
Public Health	Dr. W. H. Hill
Pediatrics	Dr. E. B. Roach
Obstetrics	Dr. A. J. Fisher
Orthopaedic Surgery	Dr. F. I. Campbell
Massage	Miss Spreckley
Practical First Aid	Mr. Starr
Theoretical First Aid	Dr. J. Reid

*Deceased

FOREWORD

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF THE CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL

May we, the Graduating Class of 1939 take this opportunity of proudly acknowledging this splendidly organised association Your enthusiasm and many achievements have instilled in us a desire, as your future members, to uphold the banners of the Calgary General Hospital Alumnae in its widely growing activities and success We are more than proud to be a part of you!

As guests of the Alumnae members on October 3rd, 1938, we witnessed an interesting and aseptic wedding

The C G H Meeting House was the scene of a notous ceremony when Morrisca Gilliam Trendelenberg, only daughter of the Rev Epidermis Trendelenberg, became the bride of Major Pectoralis Potts, second son of the famous fracture of that name

The suturing ceremony was performed by the Rev Midline Incision, assisted by Rev Lobar Pneumonia as Deacon, in their usual aseptic manner The Meeting House was tastefully decorated for the occasion with sterile sheets and towels, white solution basins and pitchers made a beautiful background for the bridal party

The bride was preceded up the aisle by her three attendants and was given in marriage by her father She was beautifully attired in a gown of scultetus binders, favoring the Hula dancer vogue, with a chic pneumonia jacket bolero. Her coronet of tongue depressors and applicators, and seven-yard gauze veil, were old gauze room heirlooms. Her slippers, in the gout manner of cotton and bandages, completed her ensemble She carried an exquisite arm bouquet of O R glove orchids and cotton calla lilies

The bridesmaids the Misses Follicular and Quinsy Tonsillitis, were gowned alike in the smart new vogue bedpan cover dresses. They wore halo hats of air cushions with short gauze veils—the ensemble being completed by long O R stockings. They carried colonial bouquets of cotton in pastel tints of mercurochrome, iodine and picric acid The little flower girl Otitis Media, was

sweet in a short dress of bedpan covers, with red corners, suitably embroidered, and carried a lovely enamelled bedpan basket with cotton ball rosebuds, which she threw at the bride.

The trainbearer, little Master Nasal Polyp, wore a Lord Fauntleroy suit of O. R. overalls, with a smart patient's gown blouse. The groom was supported (and how) by Mr. Gaspain Gallbladder. The men were all suitably garbed in O. R. trousers and shirts, with matching masks in keeping with the aseptic atmosphere.

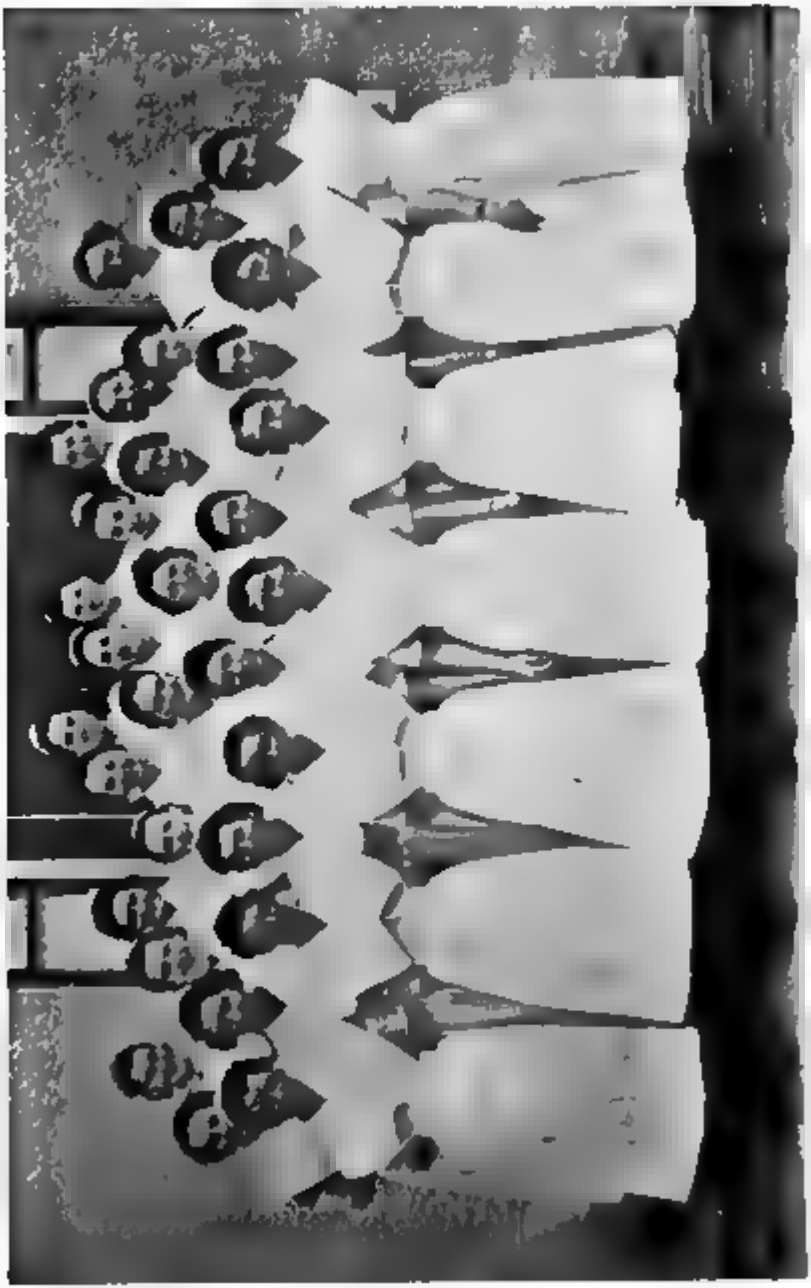
During the signing of the register, Miss Uvula Laryngitis sang "I Love You Truly." Mr. and Mrs. Potts left later in Starr's Ambulance for a short honeymoon to Isolation and points south. The remaining guests were served an elaborate lunch, after which they departed east, to report at "A" Block at 12 m.n.

For a very pleasant evening we thank you. Alumnae.

MY NURSE

Madonna of the hospital,
Gowned in spotless white—
However dark the day befall,
Your presence makes it light.
There's healing in your calm, clear eyes,
So grave—so deep—so true,
Oh, well the invalids may prize
Their bondage sweet to you!

Madonna of the dear proud face,
Beneath your cap of snow—
A minister of pitying grace,
You softly come and go—
Divine compassion in the touch
Of your serene, strong hand—
They love you much, who suffer much,
Along life's border land.



NIORS

JUNIOR CLASS

D. **BRADLEY** Sweetheart of the school

H. **CLARK** Demure but efficient

B. **DEEG**—Best sport ever

M **DONNELLY** Always full of pep.

E. **GIFFORD**—Can't do without her

M **LUXTON** Just an outdoor girl.

M. **McGREGOR**—Our raven-haired lassie

M **McKEAGUE**—Mac's happy-go-lucky pal.

G. **PATTON** -A faithful worker

N **RICHMOND**—Quiet but well liked.

B **SNOW** A good-natured nurse

D. **WOODFIN**—The girl with the twinkly eyes

B **WRIGHT**—Jolly happy, and always gay

E. **BLACKWOOD**—Always ready always gay.

R. **CANN** Wit and humor personified.

A. **DAVIES**—The musician of the class

R **DICKIE**—The little mischief-maker

J. **FAREWELL**—A most industrious worker

B. **FORD**—Early to bed earlier to rise

M. **HOLFIELD** A real nurse!

M. **HOOPER**- Spreads joy all around

M. **HUTCHINSON**—Everybody's pal.

T **KOEHLER**—Never nags and never scolds.

B **OFSTEDAHL**—The perky little blonde

C. **SNOWDEN**—A cheerful little worker

J **SPREEMAN** A careful miss is she

V **TAYLOR** A heart as big as a gold mine

H **TESKEY**—A Contagious laugh and winsome smile

V **TUFF** A conscientious nurse

In Memoriam

Dr CAIRNS

Died August 12th, 1938

FRIEND after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

—James Montgomery

WROUGHT INTO GOLD

I saw a smile to a poor man 'twas given
And he was old
The sun broke forth, I saw that smile in Heaven
Wrought into gold
Gold of such lustre never was vouchsafed to us
It made the light of day more luminous.

I saw a toiling woman sinking down
Footsore and cold
A soft hand covered her the humble gown
Wrought into gold.
Grew straight, imperishable and will be shown
To smiling angels gathered round the judgment throne

'Wrought into gold!' We that pass down life's hours
So carelessly
Might make the dusty way a path of flowers
If we would try,
Then every gentle deed we've done or kind word given
Wrought into gold would make us wondrous rich in Heaven

—Anonymous (Contributed by Dr Anderson)

ODE TO MY BED

Hail to thee, our refuge
Soft thou never wert
And our predecessors
In moments still alert
Hath bounced upon the mattress
Until to bounce doth hurt

Stripped of all thy glory
On a Friday morn,
Surely in thy heart of hearts
A secret hate is born
For we who dare to leave thee
Unmade, bereft, forlorn

All the room doth echo
With thy voice so strong
As thy protests tell us
Of committed wrong
In neglecting studies
For a sleep prolonged

As early morning breaketh
What ties bind us to thee!
And what a dreaded ordeal
Is our break in unity,
That some day we may sleep 'till noon
Is our one plea.

But soft or hard thy praises
Ever will we sing
Despite small griefs you've caused us
Our gratitude we bring
For thy gracious welcome
Throughout our visiting.

Another soon will call you hers,
To her I dedicate this verse

B H B

OUR ORDERLIES

Where is that orderly? 418 wants him, and there's a cast to cut in the ward and this catheter tray is ready! Thus we have chased them throughout our training and nobly have they responded.

First we have WYERS, noted for his last minute advice on fracture trays in the O.R., general handy man of the whole hospital.

Then there is GEORGE, who grumbles a lot—it's true, but after three years we have discovered his bark is far worse than his bite.

JONES is outstanding for his willingness to help—also interested in politics.

MANSFIELD is always ready to lend a hand as he quietly goes about his work.

WILF, the hospital tease, was missing from the ranks for several months, but now he is back again, with as many jokes as ever.

OWENS always gives a cheery "yes" to any request made of him.

PAT, known better in ambulance work, and ALLEN are newcomers to the staff, but have already proved themselves to be conscientious workers and loyal helpers.

This page would not be complete without mentioning the two who have retired the last year—DONOGHY, with his poetic wit, and COOKIE, shuffling down the hall.

Three years of daily association with these men have given them an honored place in our memories.

GOOD LUCK TO THE GRADUATE

Good-bye to the PRANKS—That you got in a jam for
Good-bye to EXAMS—That you stayed up to cram for
Good-bye to the QUIZZES—You didn't prepare for
Good-bye to CLEANING—You didn't much care for
Good-bye to the SUBJECTS—That you had a "snap" in,
Good-bye to the LECTURES—That you used to nap in
Good-bye to them all! Shed a tear as you're parting
And GOOD LUCK to you NOW
In the LIFE THAT YOU'RE STARTING

ISOLATION

Seven a.m. and that familiar old grey stone building known as "Isolation" is a hive of activity. Breakfast over, nurses clad in enveloping gowns and caps are busy removing traces of toast, jam, etc., from numerous little faces, straightening beds, retrieving tummies and marbles from the floors, cleaning windowsills, and the ever-present gargle basin.

The morning passes quickly what with that cup of water, and the never ceasing cries of "Nurse, me, too. Nurse!" Then lunch. Stew? Rice pudding? Never! Pork chops, dainty salads, tempting desserts—and here comes into play Miss Campbell's tradition that her nurses must become bigger and better.

Routine being the essential characteristic, the afternoon quickly passes. Active little patients are tucked in and quiet reigns for an hour, although it must be admitted that some snores are too good to be true, and some eyes are screwed shut only when a nurse is in evidence. Orange ice and the dreaded cascara break the monotony. Then supper trays, ranging from soup and water to the full diet—and once more pillows are plumped, beds straightened, little heads combed, and our charges are ready for sleep.

So comes seven p.m. It's a long day, yes, but each nurse goes off duty with the satisfactory feeling that her patients have spent a happy day free from fretting—hours filled with games of "I Spy," paper dolls and "coloring"—and at the same time have received the care which will repel the dreaded aftermaths of our febrile diseases.

And so we close our day at Isolation. May we say "Thanks" to Miss Campbell, Mrs. Davre and Miss Randall for the excellent training and sound advice they have given us.

Always "Isolation Days" will be among the happiest memories of our student days.

DEAR NURSE

Fear not the young woman who stands by the side
Of the man when he's sick and in pain
For after a siege with his grunts and his groans
She'll give him up gladly again
She may woo him to sleep with her voice as she lays
Her cool hand on his hot, fevered brow
But remember you wives that this nurse in white
Sees him not with the eyes of a frou
To her he's a buck to be freed of his pain,
Just a means to her own daily bread,
He gets eggs on his sheet and toast in his hair,
And his feet dangle out of the bed
He snores all night long with his mouth open wide
While his teeth float around in a glass,
No special appeal lies in that whiskered chin
And his charm is minus all class
So lay yourselves down you green eyed young wives
On y'r bed, and know well when you rest
That this treasure of yours is as safe with his nurse
As a bird on a bough in its nest
He may answer the maidenly prayer of the one
Who gets him for better or worse
But whatever his assets or charms to his wife
He's a pain in the neck to his nurse

In Appreciation

★ ★ ★

We greatly appreciate the interest extended to our school in various ways by the Calgary Hospitals' Board. We wish to acknowledge with grateful thanks the contributions made for our social functions from time to time.

★ ★ ★

MEMBERS OF THE CALGARY HOSPITAL BOARD -1939

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The Editor
"Cap and Uniform"
Graduating Class 1939,
Calgary General Hospital
Calgary

Needless to say, I count it an honor and a privilege to be asked to say a few words of felicitation to the 1939 Graduating Class of the Training School for Nurses through the medium of its publication "Cap and Uniform".

As a member of the Medical Staff of the Calgary General Hospital for thirty-seven years, I could not possibly be otherwise than that I should have an intense and secular interest in the graduates from that institution.

A lot of water has passed under the Riverside Bridge since the General transferred its operations in 1911 from the old site with its inherited accommodation and restricted opportunities to the Foundation Hospital on Twelfth Avenue East, the building now occupied. Many changes have taken place in the personnel of the staff of your Training School, and many are the graduates who have proudly and bravely waded out to face the world on the practice of the noble profession as you graduates do on this your Graduation Day.

While the students of those earlier days in the history of the Training School were handicapped by lack of modern facilities as compared with those which obtain in these days, it is with pleasure I take advantage of this occasion to pay them tribute. Their loyalty and conscientiousness in the discharge of their duties, both as students and afterwards as practitioners, laid the foundations of what this institution is today.

You young ladies are to be congratulated on having chosen nursing as your life work. There is no vocation more worthy of being styled a profession. No other offers greater scope to women for unselfish service, the value of which cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

You are also to be congratulated that circumstances were such as to enable you to take your training in the school of such high excellence as has the one from which you are graduating. It has been a rare privilege for you to have served in its atmosphere three full years, in the presence and under the guiding hand of women of such quality as it has been your lot to be supervised.

As you leave the old General you carry with you the hall mark of its Training School. We know you will always be proud of it and will reflect its finest qualities and do all things you will ever do up to the best traditions of your profession.

Personally, I thank you all for your great kindness and fine courtesy always. That your lives may be full of usefulness in the service of others and crowned with success from every standpoint is the sincere wish of

GEORGE A. ANDERSON, M.D.

Calgary, Alberta, May 4th, 1939.

THE HOSPITAL

Bells keep ringing—
Nurses running
And an ever bang'ng door,—
Beds keep creaking,
Carts keep squeaking
Up and down the polished floor—
Maids keep cleaning,
Scrubbing—sweeping,
Scolding when the trays aren't in
Phone keeps ringing—
Dishes crashing
In the kitchen what a din
Steam exhausting
Doctors walking
W th a firm and heavy tread—
Children crying
Patients sighing
And a bust ng overhead
People snoring
Water pouring—
Taps left dripping all the night
Basins falling
Voices calling,
Washing done before it's light
Stretchers coming
Orders humming,
And the nurse goes bravely on,
Smiling sweetly,
Working neatly
Looks as though she's there til dawn!
What a hustle
And a bustle
In this haven for the sick
All so busy
Makes one dizzy,
With their slogan "do be quick!"

HIGH-LIGHTS OF GRADUATION

Roses, snapdragons and iris, in the colors of the training school, scarlet and gold, predominated in the profusion of gift bouquets which decorated the front of Grace Presbyterian Church Thursday evening May 4th, as a crowd of nearly 1,500 witnessed the impressive graduation exercises of the Calgary General Hospital.

Thirty-three "women in white" received pins and diplomas from the hands of His Worship Mayor Andrew Davison, who was assisted by Miss S. MacDonald, Superintendent of Nurses.

Highlights of the evening was the announcement by the Mayor of two medal winners and the scholarship winner. The gold medal for general proficiency went to Miss Doreen Ann Jackson of Calgary, the silver medal for proficiency to Miss Ruth Elizabeth Olsen, of High River, and the coveted scholarship, for the highest theoretical standing, to Miss Marjorie Pinchbeck, Calgary.

The address to the Graduating Class by Dr. L. S. Mackid was most impressive and his most fitting advice we will always remember.

Mr. S. H. Adams, K.C., Chairman of the Hospital Board, who presided, also spoke briefly, extending congratulations and outlining the history of the training school.

The Florence Nightingale Pledge, as read by Rev. Alfred Bright, was repeated in unison by the Graduating Class.

During the evening vocal solos were rendered by Mrs. E. Newton Cates and Mr. Ralph Peacock, and a violin solo by Mrs. S. Nickle. Mme. Beatrice Chapman presided at the organ.

Following the exercises a reception and dance was held at the Al Azhar Temple.

The "New Graduates" were guests of honor on Friday evening, May 5th, when the Calgary General Alumnae held its annual banquet at the Renfrew Club.

Good wishes to the King, the Graduating Class, Absent Members of the Training School Staff were expressed by toasts. An excellent programme including a one-act play, "Ever Young", was presented.

The entire evening was outstanding. We only hope that we may also present next year, in the capacity of Alumnae members, to extend the same royal welcome to our 1940 Graduates.

CLASS 1936-39

★ ★ ★

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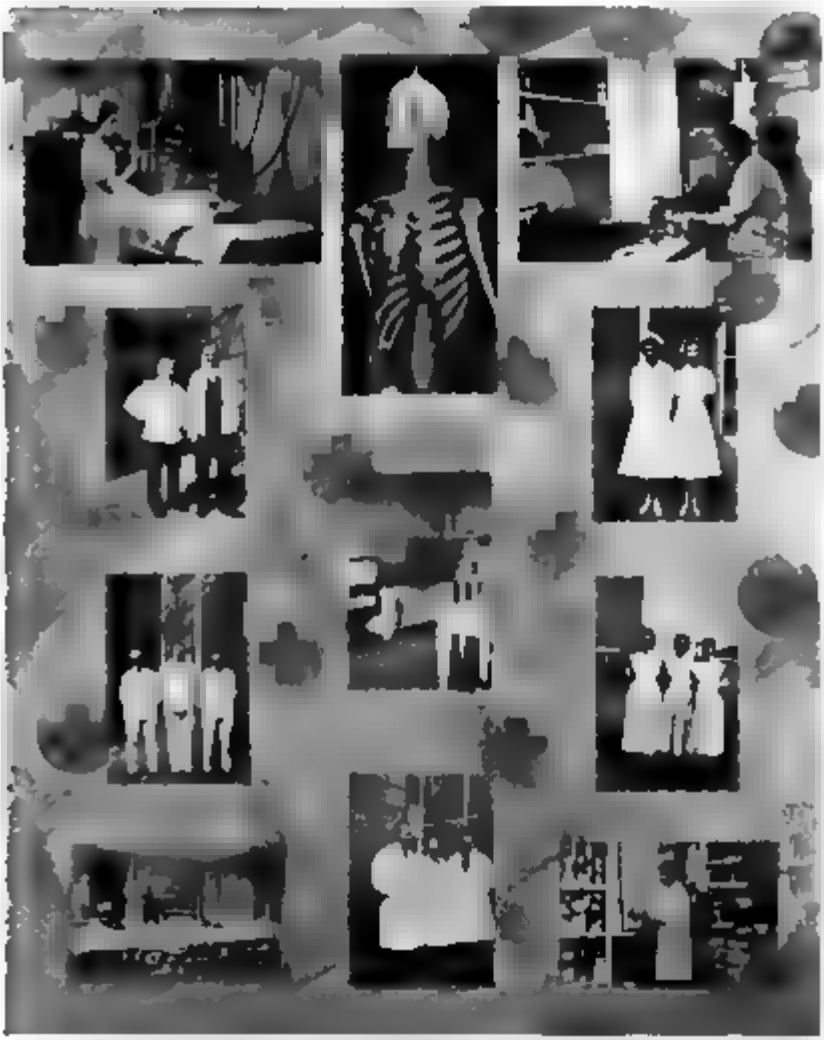
GRADUATING CLASS, 1938

Miss Jean Anderson	Staff Calgary General Hospital	Calgary
Miss Eileen Battrick	Staff Calgary General Hospital	Calgary
Miss Catherine Brown	Private duty, Drumheller	Drumheller
Miss Marguerite Cornborough	Staff Drumheller Hospital	Calgary
Miss Doris Dancy	Staff Wetaskiwin Hospital	Blackie
Miss Elizabeth Evans	Private duty Calgary	Calgary
Miss Flora Gobb	Staff Wetaskiwin Hospital	Calgary
Miss Dorothy Hall	Hull England	Calgary
Miss Alice Howitt	White Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho	Calgary
Miss Maida Lea	Home	Calgary
Miss Grace Murray	Staff Macleod Hospital	Calgary
Miss Rae McLeod	Staff Drumheller Hospital	Banff
Miss Helen Pain	Staff Drumheller Hospital	Calgary
Miss Irene Ritchie	White Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho	Calgary
Miss Margaret Roderick	White Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho	Calgary
Miss Frances Ross	Private duty Claresholm	Claresholm
Miss Elizabeth Swift	Private duty Calgary	Calgary
Miss Eleanor Adolph	Private duty Calgary	Calgary
Miss Eileen Corbett	Private duty Calgary	Calgary
Miss Kathleen Dawson	Estevan Hospital, Sask.	Calgary
Miss Jeanette Gunn	Private duty Calgary	Calgary
Miss Honor Langley	Home	Chinook
Miss Orma McAulay	Private duty Calgary	Calgary
Miss Helen Pocock	Galt Hospital Lethbridge	Okotoks
Miss Jessie Robb	Staff Drumheller Hospital	Drumheller
Miss Lois Rogers	Now Mrs Wales, Lethbridge	Granum
Miss Ruth Stead	Staff Central Alta. San.	Calgary
Miss Marion Toppin	Home	Calgary
Miss Isobel Van Volkenburg	California	Calgary
Miss Audrey Waldron	Cereal Hospital	Swalwell
Miss Cora Walker	Stettler Hospital, Stettler	Calgary
Miss Kathleen Warren	Private duty Calgary	Calgary



1. X-Ray Department. 2. Oscar. 3. Lab. 4. Allie and Bert. 5. X Ray Department Staff. 6. Our Orderlies. 7. D.K. 8. Our Pennsa Affiliates. 9. O.R. 10. Drug Room Staff. 11. Drug Room.

Thanks

Without a few words of appreciation to all who have assisted in any way with the publication of "In Cap and Uniform" this issue would not be complete. The interest shown has been encouraging and the assistance rendered—most valuable. May we, the Magazine Committee, say "Thanks!"

To those who have made our training days such enjoyably profitable ones, may we express our appreciation. We are indebted to Dr. H. for his kindly interest in us and to the Training School Staff for their guidance. Miss Connell, our instructress, and our supervisors for their many kindnesses, class and ward instructions. Valuable friendships have been ours to enjoy, and we thank you.

To the many doctors who have been so helpful to us in our ward work, our lectures, and when we have been patients, we are indeed grateful.

To Miss Casey and Miss Cannon, our Home Matrons, our thanks. They have made our residential life happy and very comfortable.

The co-operation of the Press and the Advertisers has made the success of this book possible. Our appreciation.

To our fellow students with whom we have associated, our best wishes. You have been a part in the weaving of the most complete pattern in three years that we have ever known. May you enjoy the happiness we have known, and find solace in remembering, "The rewards of duty are not rest from labor—but greater tasks."

WIT and HUMOR

Our prose is punk our poems worse
But it's no snap to make a verse
Nor is it soft for fun dispensers
To get a yarn to pass the censors
We may seem rude to many a stude
May they bear up with fortitude
We hope our victims won't get sore
(Oh that we had as many more)
And whoever would boulder flung
Let her next year try editing

Dr Hill What is the value of Vitamin A?
Greer (brightly)—Lack of it produces shaggy fur
Dr Hill—Perhaps I should have used vitamins for my coon coat!

FURTHER FOOLISHNESS

Perhaps this would be a good time to compile a list of what would be acceptable gifts to any nurse These are listed on the basis of what we have either loaned or borrowed this year—

1. Hair curlers
2. Notes.
3. Assortment of scarves hankies gloves, and such accessories.
4. Street car tickets
5. Nail polish—preferably gaudier shades
6. Pencils
7. Scissors.
8. Any magazine
9. Nickel for (a) chocolate bar (b) cup of coffee especially about the 15th of the month
10. Perfume

I believe in starving a fever and feeding a cold, advised Bruce
Whereupon Vera declared. Is thad so? Achoo! Achoo!"

Potter (making out diet slip)—Count the lights in the kitchen, please
England (returning)—Just one bulb.

Gwen (checking instruments)—Have you seen an extra probe?
Usher (meekly)—I think she's gone off duty

WIT and HUMOR

Nurse—Sir, wake up, wake up.
Patient—What in hecks the idea
Nurse—It's time for your sleeping tablets

"Doctor" said the sick man "the other doctors seem to differ from you in their diagnosis of my case"

"I know," replied the medical man cheerfully "but I am confident the postmortem will show that I was right

Shore—I saw a baby today that gained ten pounds on elephant's milk.
Baker—Whose baby was it?
Shore—The elephant's, you twit

Doctor—I have a report, sir, that you are the father of triplets
Politician—Impossible! I'll demand a recount.

"Do doctor do you think the scar will show" asked the fair young appendicitis patient

"Can't say, miss, I'm not setting the style this year"

Simpson: Miss Casey that cat kept me awake for three nights with its serenade
Miss Casey—What do you want me to do, shoot him?
Simpson: No, but you might have him tuned

I never had such a time in all my life. First I got angina pectoris followed by arteriosclerosis. Just as I was recovering from these I got tuberculosis and double pneumonia. Then I had appendicitis followed by tonsillectomy. These gave way to aphasia and hypertrophic cirrhosis. I completely lost my memory for a while. I know I had diabetes and acute indigestion besides gastritis, rheumatism, lumbago and neuritis. I don't know how I pulled through. It was the hardest spelling test I've ever seen.

Fair (scrubbed for sutures). Every time I try to thread this needle the blamed eye banks.

REMEMBER

"Always be polite" was Ohlson's motto as she knocked carefully on 3rd's men cupboard door

READERS!

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

The financial success of this publication has been appreciably augmented by the kind co-operation of Our Advertisers. In recognition of this assistance we urge you to join with us in the patronage of the businesses herein advertised. Thank you.

JUNE MILLS,
Business Manager

Please Mention the Year Book

FOR YOUR

SEE THAT NO DAY PASSES

In which you give no expression to gratitude

In which you do not battle some unruly habit

In which you fail to meditate upon some great word

In which you do not search your own soul for the secret of your failure.

In which you do not strive to improve some phase of your work.

In which you have not courageously decided some difficulty

THE NURSE

(By Helen Fitzgerald Dougher)

They call her Florence Nightingale in jest,
But there's an earnestness behind her eyes
That the high priestess does not realize,
She only knows she does her simple best,
Performing grave mysterious rites, aware
That often she has power to fan the spark
Of life to glowing flame when it is dark
And quiet in the wards and Death stalks there

She seems so young to have upon her slim,
Proud shoulders such a weight of grief and pain
She should be walking through a leafy lane,
Or dancing somewhere where the lights are dim
Or should she—whom so many lips must bless
With such profound and utter thankfulness?

"IF"

If you found it pleasure to labor lavishly day,
Doing vegetables, cleaning pots and pans, and stoves in the old "D K"

If you've never felt discouraged when you've raced around on 4th,
With Miss Mac giving orders, and you work with all your worth

If you've patiently attended to the whines and whims
of "Third, the bells, Miss and never thought you'd quit

If you've always done your treatments—foments—mustard—drugs, and know
That U E or west was just the place to smile right through

If you've never scowled or grumbled over "boarding stars" on 1st.
And really loved your patients there, never thought the worst —

If you've never really minded, in the "O.R." after 8,
For the sterilizer to go down knowing "He'd" be there at "A —

If you've never come off duty, feeling just like you could die
Or packing up, and going home, or asking "Why oh why?"

If you can look me squarely, vowing all these things are true,
It's not a nurse you are, my dear—you're a miracle, through and through!

Do unto others as they would do unto you—only do it first.

Autographs